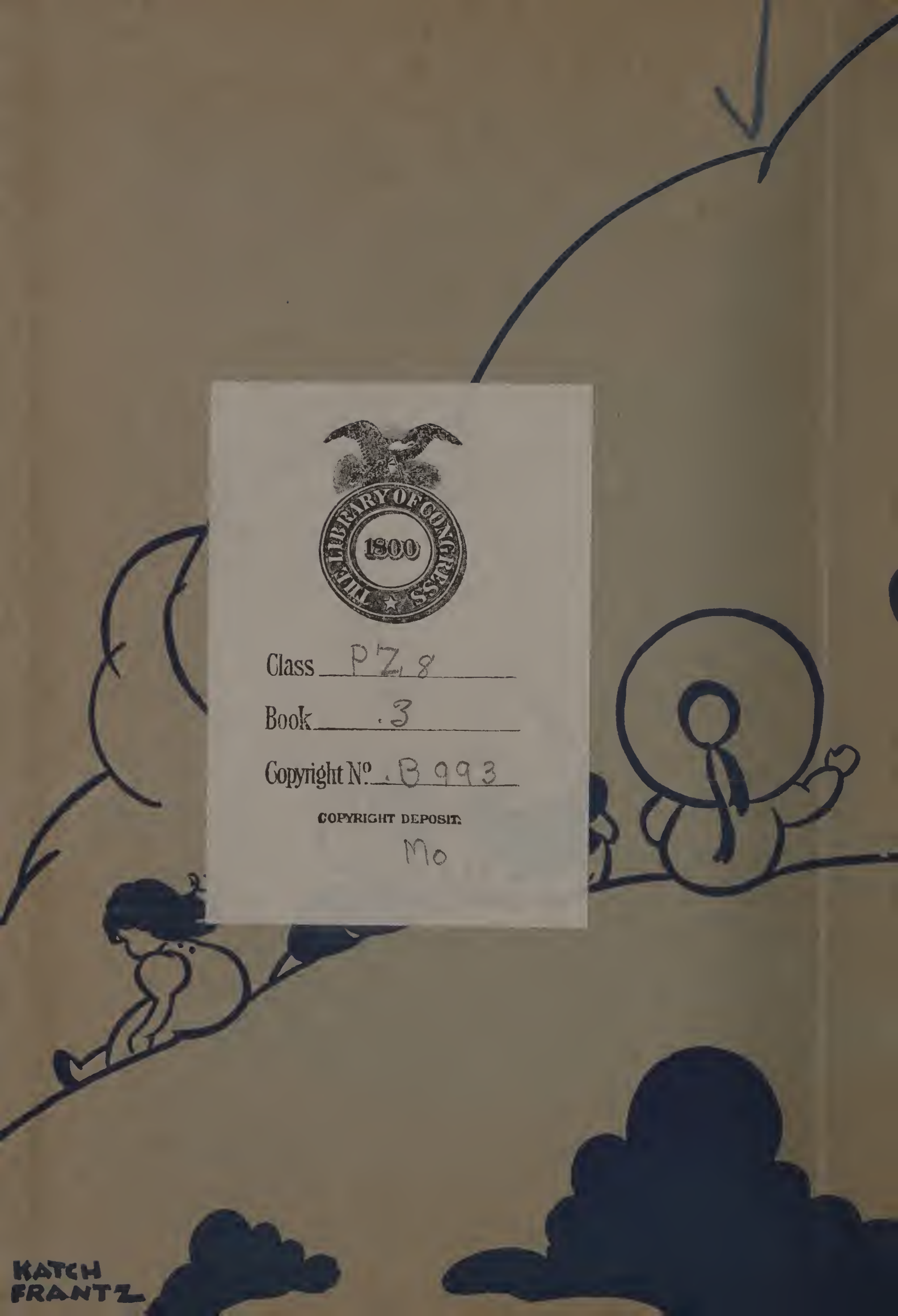
PZ
8
.3
.B993
Mo

FT MEADE
GenColl

Mother Goose Book


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800
Class PZ8
Book .3
Copyright No. B993
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.
Mo
KATCH
FRANTZ

MOTHER GOOSE FUN

She saw dear Mother Goose the door throw open wide

MOTHER GOOSE
FUN
MORE STORIES IN RHYME BY
ELOISE BYINGTON
AUTHOR OF DOLL-LAND STORIES, PANCAKE BROWNIES
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
KATHLEEN STOWELL FRANTZ
ALBERT WHITMAN
& CO.
CHICAGO

[1931]

PZ8
.3
.B993
Mo

Mother Goose Fun
Copyright, 1931, by Albert Whitman & Co.
Chicago, U.S.A.

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

©Cl A 40496

JUL 24 1931

B.E.H. 27 July 31

To WILLIAM DAVID NEEFUS

My Son

Looks around to see what he can see

Introduction

It happens now and then, we find, and children too find out, that pleasant days will often come in spite of every doubt. For Mother Goose remembers well her children all so fine; she takes them one by one, they number over nine.

Right through the days they gaily march, on New Year's Eve begin; then straight ahead the line proceeds, till Santa Claus calls them in.

Alas! Here they stop, for the year's at an end, and the fun is over too. They sigh with regret and tell Mother Goose how they'd like to begin anew.

For the little boys and little girls who appear before us here have found out just how much real fun will be theirs throughout each year.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Little New Year	11
The Queen of Heart's Party	18
Tom, the Piper's Son on St. Patrick's Day	26
Humpty Dumpty and the Easter Eggs	33
Mistress Mary on Arbor Day	41
Little Bo-peep on May Day	49
Old Mother Hubbard on Mother's Day	55
Little Boy Blue and the Bees	62
Curly Locks on Flag Day	69
Dicky Doubt on the Fourth of July	76
Miss Muffet and the Spider	83
Simple Simon Goes to School	88
The Children on Columbus Day	95
Jack and Jill at Hallowe'en	102
Jack Horner's Thanksgiving Pie	111
The Mother Goose Children Help Santa Claus	120

To welcome a little New Year

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR

IT was the day before New Year's in Mother Goose Land; the children as good as could be, were happy with all the new play things and toys which Santa had left on their tree. Bo-peep and Jack Horner, the sweet Queen of Hearts, Humpty Dumpty and Little Boy Blue—they were all of them there

and some others besides. And toys! There were more than a few.

Mother Goose, dear old lady, smiled with delight as she chanced to look in on the scene, for children not always (we have to admit) are found so content and serene.

On the floor, in the corner sat little Bo-peep, with her doll in a pretty new bed. On the wall by her side a calendar hung, with nice shining numbers in red.

"See, dolly," she said, "there's a five and a ten, and thirty-one stands for to-day." But the doll was asleep so she called to Boy Blue who was sitting close by her at play.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR

"Just six days since Christmas," said Little Boy Blue. He put down his horn with a sigh. "Why think, boys and girls, before next Christmas comes we must wait for a year to go by!"

Then the children all gathered round little Bo-peep, and left all their fun and their play; and soon puckered foreheads and queer little frowns, had chased all their laughter away.

"That's a very long time for children to wait," said little Miss Muffet, "oh dear, why I learned in school in arithmetic class, there are fifty-two weeks in a year!"

"Over three hundred days, it does

not seem right," and Bo-peep shook her bright golden curls. "It does seem to me as if Christmas should come at least once a week, boys and girls."

"So do I, it's just mean," Humpty Dumpty spoke up, and his face almost cracked from his frown. While the sweet Queen of Heart's pretty mouth which curved up, was now pouting with corners turned down.

"My, my, what's the trouble?" said old Mother Goose as she quickly came into the room where a short time ago there was laughter and joy, there now was much pouting and gloom. They told her their trouble, she shook her

wise head, "How foolish you are, every one. Why all through the year every month brings you gifts and pleasure and no end of fun. With sliding and skating and snow-balls and ice, to make the old winter time gay. While in summer come flowers and days at the beach, and birds who will sing while you play.

"Suppose you just think of the nice things each month will bring this old earth through the year. The first gift of all—I declare 'tis most time for that nice surprise to be here! It will come in the night and you may be asleep, I am sure you will all be in bed. It isn't a baby and yet it's quite young, in fact 'tis just brand new," she said.

Bo-peep clapped her hands, "Oh, we never can guess, you must tell us, dear Mother, please do."

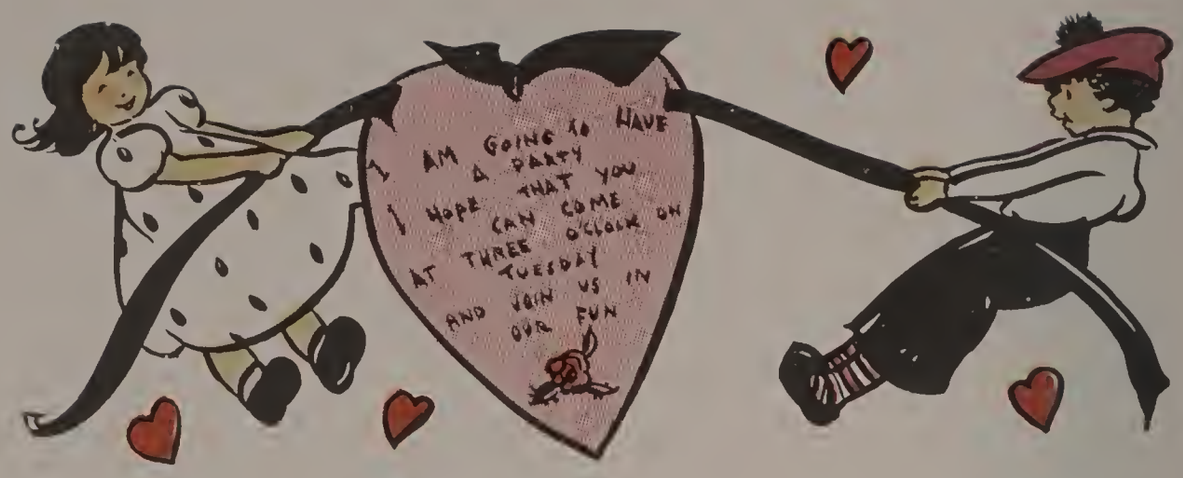
"Not now, come to supper and eat with a smile. The secret I'll tell when you're through."

They all ate their supper as good children should. They forgot all their troubles and so, they played for awhile until bedtime came round and to dreamland all children must go.

And now for the SECRET. Mother Goose kissed each one and laughed as she tucked them all in, and put all their shoes and their stockings away and made the room neat as a pin.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR

"Sweet dreams to you all, and please go right to sleep, but at midnight you may wake to hear, how the whistles will blow and glad church bells will ring, to welcome a little NEW YEAR!"



THE QUEEN OF HEART'S PARTY

THE birthday of the Queen of Hearts comes on St. Valentine's Day. Each year she has a party and invites her friends to play. They come and spend the afternoon and eat ice cream and cake, and little tarts cut out like hearts, which Mother likes to make.

This year, the Queen is six years old and can quite nicely write, so she sent a note to every child she wanted to in-

vite. She used a piece of paper, cut out of cardboard red, and shaped just like a valentine and this is what it said:

"I am going to have a party, I hope
that you can come, at three o'clock
on Tuesday, and join us in our fun."

It was quite a task to write them but at last she finished all, put on the stamps, and gave them to her friend, the postman, tall. The children were delighted and accepted, every one, and said they wished the happy day would hurry up and come!

The Queen must choose the games to play and plan the party too, and so she asked dear Mother Goose, at bed-

time, what to do. In the pleasant golden fire light, in the easy big arm-chair, the Queen of Hearts and Mother Goose made plans together, there.

When Tuesday came around at last, each one was dressed with care. Each had clean hands and nice white nails, and each had combed his hair. They were not dressed in fancy clothes, as perhaps one may suppose. Oh, no, when one is out for fun, 'tis wise to wear plain clothes.

There were Jack and Jill, Miss Muffet, prim, and Tom the Piper's Son, Boy Blue and all the others. She had not forgotten one. And then the Queen

of Hearts had asked the lame boy at the corner. With smiling face he limped along beside our friend, Jack Horner. Jack walked with care, and slowly, so the lame boy would not slip, and if they were a trifle late, Jack did not mind one bit.

Then in the house and up the stairs, yes, way up to the top. Until they reached the attic, they did not pause nor stop. A party in the attic! A lovely place it seems, with nice clean floor and bright red hearts on strings hung from the beams.

Way over in the corner a funny fat old sprite was stirring something in a

pot, which caused them great delight. It smelled and looked like orangeade and my, it tasted good, to thirsty little boys and girls. They drank it as they should; the little fluted, paper cups they held with greatest care. There was orangeade for everyone and plenty more to spare. They soon discovered that the sprite was just Bo-peep and she was dressed in fancy clothes and looked as jolly as could be.

Mother Goose then gave to every child a piece of string to wind and when they reached the very end a present, each would find. The strings were wound around the beams, and all about

They held the string with greatest care and wound it in and out

the chairs and also they were twined around the railing on the stairs. The children all worked busily and had great patience too, and when they found a snarl or knot, they must not jerk, they knew. They held the string with greatest care and wound it in and out. When at last the horrid knot came out they gave a merry shout. It took some time to reach the end and package neatly tied, there each child found a chocolate heart was tucked away inside.

There were many other merry games, they liked them every one, and not one child was cross or did one thing to spoil

the fun. When it was time to eat ice cream they gaily marched down stairs, and there they found the table fixed, around it all the chairs. Each child sat straight before the plate which held the good ice cream while on the pretty birthday cake, six colored candles gleam.

But parties all must have an end and on the wall the clock was slowly moving on toward six—tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

They bade the Queen of Hearts good-night and thanked her for their fun, and the lame boy from the corner was the very happiest one.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

TOM, Tom, the Piper's Son came walking down the street, looking just as small boys should, very clean and neat. His face was washed, his hands were clean, his shoes were blacked with care. His best suit too, which generally was kept for Sunday wear. His hands were in his pockets and he whistled shrill and high. If he did not have some fun to-day, he'd know the reason why!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Tom knew, among his many friends, an Irishman named Pat. The owner of a newstand, he was jolly, round and fat. As the stand was near Tom's corner, very frequently he went to help Pat sell his papers. Many Saturdays he spent, pretending that the newstand was his, what fun he had! And Pat was glad to have him there, "Sure, he's a winning lad!" Mother Goose approved the friendship for when Tom was with Pat, it kept him out of mischief and troubles such as that.

St. Patrick's Day Pat always took a holiday from care and journeyed to the city. The Sons of Erin there, were sure

to have a big parade, it was the greatest sight, with half a dozen bands or more, and flags and banners bright! Pat had told Tom all about it, many, many, times and so you could hardly wonder that poor Tom had longed and longed to go. Then one day Pat invited him and Mother Goose said "Yes," so why Tom wears his Sunday clothes, it is not hard to guess.

St. Patrick's Day had come at last and Tom and Pat were there to catch the train at ten o'clock, and what a happy pair! Tom loved to ride upon the train and all along the way the car wheels seemed to sing to him, "Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

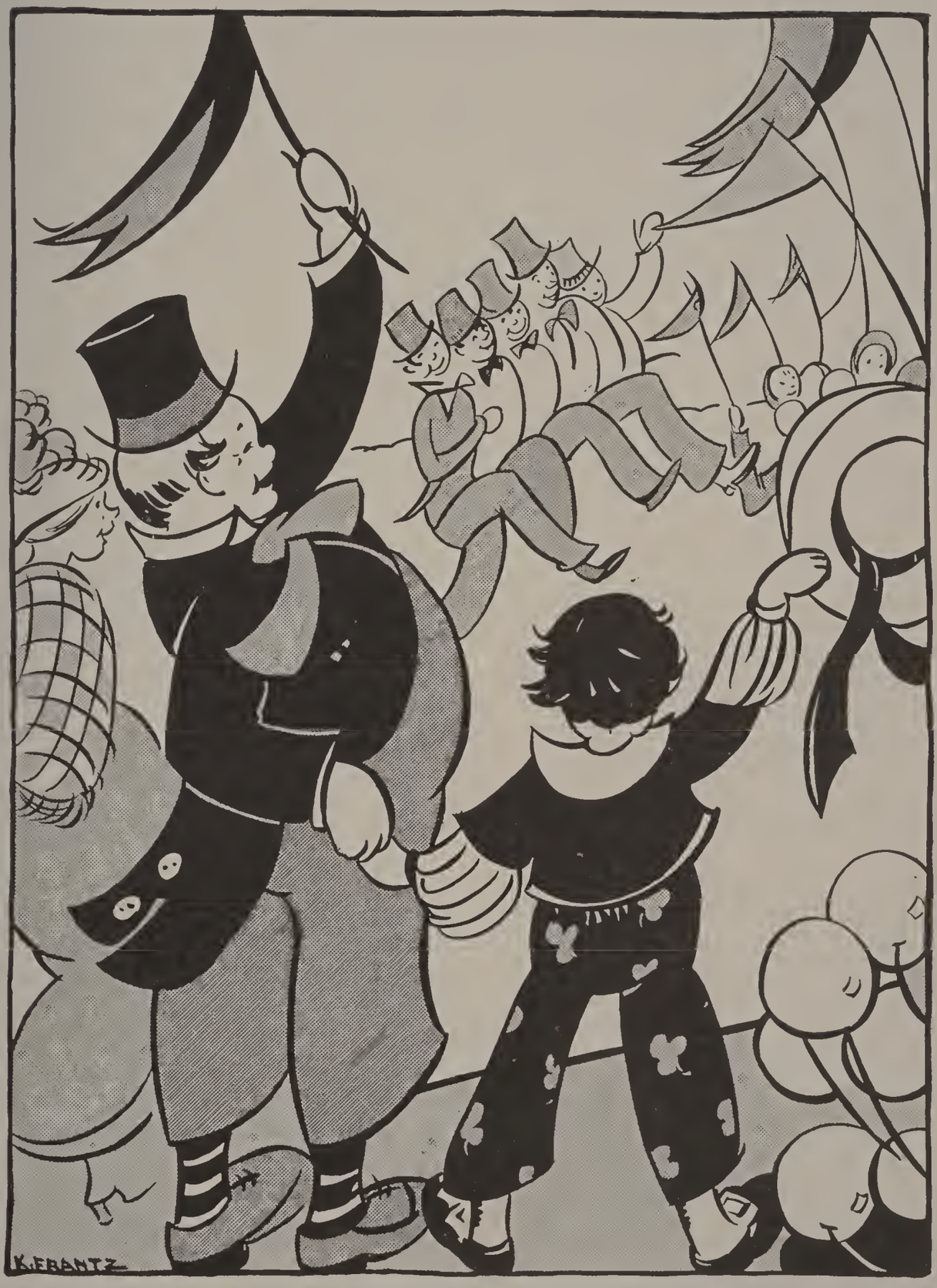
The journey was not very long, they reached the city soon, and found a place to watch the fun. The march would start at noon. The street was crowded so Tom thought the time would never come, but all at once he plainly heard the rumble of a drum. Then nearer, nearer, on they came, oh, it was fun to see! The men all marched so straight and tall, the bands played merrily. Tom's feet kept time, a rap-tap-tap, and people called "Hurrah!" and Tom was very sorry when the last of it they saw.

He wished parades would never end, but like an endless chain, before the

last men finished, some more would start again. He wished parades would last and last from early morn till night. Pat said the men would get too tired and that would not be right.

They ate their dinner in a hall the Sons of Erin had, and oh, how good it tasted to the hungry man and lad. Pat said it was a banquet, the first that Tom had seen. The tables trimmed with shamrocks and little flags of green, were loaded down with goodies enough for everyone. While all the time the band played jigs, which added to the fun.

Tom was certain he had never had a



The men all marched so straight and tall

time like this before, every time the band stopped playing, he would clap his hands for more. But the hour came round when they must leave and hurry to the train, which left at five o'clock to take the travelers home again.

That night Tom told dear Mother Goose about his happy day, about the sights and banners bright, he'd seen along the way. Pat had given him some shamrock and a nice green flag to keep. "Oh, I'm glad they have St. Patrick's Day!" Then Tom fell fast asleep.

HUMPTY DUMPTY AND THE EASTER EGGS

ON a wall sat Humpty Dumpty looking very pale and sad. He knew that it was Easter time; instead of being glad that soon the robins would be back and all the bluebirds gay, he was thinking of some other things that come with Easter Day.

"Oh, dear," said Humpty Dumpty, and he made a funny face, "I think I will climb down from here and find a quiet place, where I can think things

over, for Easter soon will come. I do not like that day! I think it's not one bit of fun."

He had to jump down from the wall and almost hurt his leg, but up he bobbed for he was shaped exactly like an egg. He rolled and limped along the path that led down by the brook, and there at last he found some shrubs which made a little nook. Humpty Dumpty made a nice soft seat of bits of evergreen, and then sat down to think, quite sure that he could not be seen.

This matter now of Easter eggs! He worried much each year for fear some

one would steal him when Easter time was near. It was hard to look so like an egg, mistakes are often made, and folks might mix him with the lot the fat old hens had laid!

Humpty Dumpty, just last year, had seen a great big pot, a-boiling in the kitchen, and oh, so very hot. And into it were put real eggs and boiled until quite hard, then they were brightly colored and polished with some lard. On some of them were pictures made, and some were shining gold. What happened to them later? He had often heard it told.

The Easter eggs were put with care

into a basket round, and set out in the orchard where the bunnies could be found. And there at night, these bunnies came and carried them away and hid them for the children to hunt on Easter Day.

'Twas very nice to see the eggs all colored up so fine, and very nice for children to have at Easter time; but Humpty Dumpty did not want to boil in any pot, or have his face dyed colors, he guessed he'd rather not! And so each year he was afraid and he worried until he was so sad about it all he really felt quite ill.

It made him feel like that right now.

He'd lie there for a bit and take a nap. A good safe place! He'd make the most of it. So Humpty Dumpty settled down and dreams were very near when he was greatly startled, tiny sounds outside to hear. Very softly Humpty Dumpty peeked from out his hiding place. There in the grasses he could see a tiny, bunny face; and patter, patter, patter, came several rabbits near. Then Humpty Dumpty began to cry and wiped away a tear.

Suppose that they should find him and carry him away! And boil him hard, and paint him green or gold for Easter Day! Humpty Dumpty very

carefully lay down so still and white, he hoped they would not find him; but rabbits' eyes are bright, and the tiny little bunny was jumping all around, when he called, "Oho, you rabbits, just see what I have found! A great big whopping Easter egg, oh, do come here and see. 'Tis not a very pretty one and cracked, it seems to me."

Around sad Humpty Dumpty, the rabbits crowded fast. He thought the end had come, he'd be an Easter egg at last! He lay so still he almost looked as if he might be stone, but he could hear them talking and this is what one said, "An Easter egg! Oh, no, that

Around sad Humpty Dumpty the rabbits crowded fast

funny thing would never do. Besides he is half cracked I think and very homely too. We don't want *him* of that I'm sure. Come, Bunnies, let us go and find some really good ones, the place is near I know."

So off they went a-hop-hop-hop, and Humpty Dumpty lay and thought and thought about the things he'd heard the rabbits say. Because you see, his pride was hurt as you may well suppose, to think they did not want him for reasons such as those. And all the worry he had had, how silly it had been! After this the thought of Easter eggs, would never bother *him*.

MISTRESS MARY ON ARBOR DAY

MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary, early in the spring, began to think of gardens and the flowers June would bring. Of roses red, and buttercups and violets in the grass, "Oh dear, June seems so far away," sighed this impatient lass.

Then up spoke dear old Mother Goose. "Why, Mary, you must know that flowers are not the only things to

plant and help to grow. Have you forgotten Arbor Day, which very soon will come? A most important day it is. You children, every one, may plant a little shrub or tree and each may choose the kind that he likes best. To watch it grow will be good fun you'll find. I will take you to a nursery where trees and flowers grow, for how to plant a tree just right, is good for you to know."

"But why do they have Arbor Day and what's it all about? Why do not trees just plant themselves?" so questioned Dicky Doubt.

Mother gathered them about her

knee and told them of the good done by the trees in other ways than giving people wood. Some trees give shade, and some give fruit, and some grow straight and tall, to make good masts for sailing ships. The greatest good of all, is work that's done by all the trees in storing up the rain by holding dampness in their leaves until more comes again. In places where there are no trees, the air is dry and hot, there is no green grass to play on, nor a single shady spot.

"I would not live in such a place," said Dick, "but we have trees, around our yard, so why plant more? Why can't we do with these?"

"Some trees grow old," said Mother Goose, "and some get sick and die, and many more are cut for wood, so each year we must try to plant some more to take the place of them on Arbor Day. We each will plan to plant one tree. Now all run out and play."

Arbor Day soon came, each little child was ready for the fun, each had his spade and shovel out. A tree for every one was leaning up against the barn, the roots tied up with care, with nice black dirt around them. They stood like soldiers there.

Jack Horner had an apple tree, for he loves apple pie. A peach tree which

ARBOR DAY

Bo-peep picked out to plant, was there close by. While Humpty Dumpty chose a pear and Dicky Doubt, a plum. The children all love fruit and know 'tis good for every one.

Miss Muffet had a fir tree with needles long and fine, while Jack and Jill chose Christmas trees, a spruce tree and a pine. Mary had a maple tree for they grow fast she said, and in the fall their leaves all turn such pretty shades of red!

Fruit trees were planted out in back behind the garden beds. The evergreens stood by the porch, with gently nodding heads.

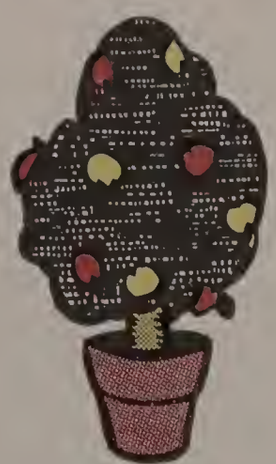
They dug the holes with greatest care, very deep and wide, so as not to crush the little roots; then soft brown dirt inside and lots of water; then the tree. While one child held it there the others put the dirt around and packed it down with care. The man from whom they bought the trees had told them what to do, and each had listened closely, but Mary thought she knew. So she did not even bother to remember what he said. "I guess I've had a garden," said she and shook her head.

Then Mary dug a little hole and put her tree in there, and if the roots were crowded, she did not seem to care. A

For Mary was contrary

little bit of water she was very sure would do, for Mary was contrary, as the other children knew.

When the work at last was finished, each sturdy little tree stood ready now to do its part, and grow for all to see. And through the following summer days, the showers and the sun, there was just one tree which drooped and died. Now can you tell which one?



LITTLE BO-PEEP ON MAY DAY

OUT in the meadow everything was gaily dressed in green, and in among the grasses the violets could be seen, and windflowers too of dainty pink were nodding to and fro. Bo-peep just loved the meadow, for she would daily go, to take her lambs and sheep out there and while they browsed around, she would pick the pretty flowers which often could be found.

The lambs all liked the fresh young

grass as children like ice cream, and after they had eaten they could nestle down and dream, in some cozy, shady little spot which made a pleasant bed. While the sheep dog standing near them would slowly nod his head.

When May Day came around, Bo-peep was more than ever glad. She would find the very sweetest ferns and blossoms to be had! She wished to make a basket of twigs and mosses green and in it put a fine bouquet, the finest ever seen. "A nice surprise for Mother Goose, I'll hang it on her door, and ring the bell and run away and hide an hour or more!"

So gaily to the meadow Bo-peep then led her sheep. With her went old Rover, who the best of watch would keep, of all the lambs and drive them back if too far off they ran. Bo-peep was sure old Rover knew as much as any man.

She found a shady grassy bank and on it settled down, with sticks and string and scissors, and on her face a frown. But it was not a cross one, I am sure that you have guessed, she was merely thinking very hard of how to work the best. At last she had it nicely planned and fastened sticks with care and on them placed some soft green

moss which looked so pretty there. The ferns and flowers must be picked, they were not hard to find and soon she had a large bouquet of flowers of many kinds.

She put the ferns around the edge and tucked them firmly there; then violets and windflowers, and dainty maidenhair. Of slender pussy willow twigs, she made a handle tall and when it was all finished, old Rover heard her call, "I am going on an errand, I will leave you with the sheep. Be sure and keep your eyes on them and do not go to sleep."

Old Rover wagged his tail to say that

she could trust him well. He was proud to have her do so as any one could tell.

Bo-peep picked up her basket and carried it with care to Mother Goose's pretty house. But no one saw her there, for she was very careful that no one was about, when she tiptoed on the porch as still as fairies are no doubt. She hung the basket on the knob, then loudly rang the bell, and ran and hid behind a tree where she could peek quite well.

Soon she saw dear Mother Goose the door throw open wide, "What, no one here?" Then on the knob, the pretty flowers she spied. "A fairy has been

here," she said. "Oh, what a nice surprise." Her face was bright with pleasure and a smile was in her eyes. "Or perhaps it was a little girl who left it. Who can tell? But I'm very sure 'twas someone whom we all of us love well."

Bo-peep peeked out behind her tree and saw her shut the door. She must hurry back and watch her sheep and little lambs once more. So down the hill she ran again as happy as could be. "I love to plan a nice surprise, and have it work!" thought she.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD ON MOTHER'S DAY

YOU have heard about old Mother Hubbard and of how much she wanted a bone to give to her dog! Mother Hubbard and he lived in a small house all alone. It had a green roof and chimney of red with smoke curling up to the sky. Its windows were shining and spotless to see, no dust and no dirt could one spy.

Mother Hubbard kept house for herself and her dog, she worked with patience and care, but she had very little to do with; she had seldom a penny to spare. Sometimes the poor doggy had little to eat, Mother Hubbard had little herself, and instead of a cupboard full of good things, there was often enough a bare shelf! Poor Mother Hubbard, we know, was quite old and had not one child of her own, to help her one bit or even to see that the poor little dog had a bone.

Mother's Day comes in May, and the children all knew Mother Goose must have a surprise. They planned one

each year to give pleasure to her and make a glad smile in her eyes. Mother Goose had so many good children. Of course they wanted to help every one. It hardly seemed fair, I can hear you declare, that poor Mother Hubbard had none!

There was one little boy in Mother Goose Town who thought of the very same thing. (It was wee Tommy Tucker, who cried for his supper, and then found 'twas better to sing.) He knew what it meant to worry a lot for fear that there might be no bread. "Mother Goose has so much that I know she won't mind if I surprise Mother Hubbard instead."

So when Mother's Day came to Mother Goose Town, his plans he had carefully made to leave a large box at the Hubbard's wee house. (We would hardly believe what it weighed!) All the others helped Tommy to pack up the box, just like Christmas, they said, and such fun! A gift of some food, delicious and good, was carefully brought by each one.

A dozen fresh eggs, Humpty Dumpty gave these; Jack and Jill gave a basket of fruit. Queen of Hearts made some cookies and worked very hard before they were frosted to suit. There were bones for the dog; there were vege-

Doggie said most politely, "Bow Wow!"

tables too, and a beef steak all juicy and red. A cake for dessert, on the icing of which, "To Mother" in candies, it said.

Mother Goose said the box looked so good, she was glad her boys and her

girls had done this, for old Mother Hubbard. All she wanted herself, from each was a hug and a kiss!

Then off down the street, the gay happy crowd, at last was ready to start. The box packed so full was tied with a rope in wee Tommy Tucker's new cart.

Mother Hubbard was home and she heard the bell ring, and came to the door in surprise. When she saw the dear children and what they had brought, she blinked and she winked her old eyes. Could there be a mistake?

"Are you sure it's for me?" she asked Tommy Tucker. He smiled.

MOTHER'S DAY

"It is Mother's Day, please, do you mind if we play that just for to-day I'm your child?"

"Why bless your dear heart, I am proud to do that, to thank you I hardly know how!" Then up walked her doggie and sat up so straight and said most politely, "BOW, WOW!"

LITTLE BOY BLUE AND THE BEES

IN early June the sun is bright and all the cows and sheep are happy in the meadow with the fresh young grass to eat. The corn has just been planted and Boy Blue must watch with care to see that no cows run away to do some damage there. The corn field is across the road, and there are fences high. The cows cannot get in there so it is no use to try, if gates are shut and

bars are up, and Boy Blue sees to that. The day is warm and so Boy Blue takes off his coat and hat.

He finds he feels quite sleepy but no haystacks can he see, and so he settles down to watch beneath an apple tree. Some late young blossoms on the tree make all the air smell sweet. Boy Blue is glad indeed that he has such a pleasant seat. The cows and sheep are nibbling grass, behaving as they should. Boy Blue lies down on moss and thinks it certainly feels good.

"If anyone should ask me, it is better than my bed." As thus he thinks, he hears a gentle buzzing overhead. Some

honey bees out hunting find the blossoms on the tree. "Come on, come on, you lazy ones," they gaily hum with glee. And soon the bees in numbers large are gathering around. Boy Blue looks on with pleasure from his bed upon the ground.

"What busy little things they are or so it seems to me. They must get awfully tired, it is silly as can be to work so hard. What is the use?" and then he looks surprised for a very interesting sight is there before his eyes. The bees are gathering in groups and how they buzz and hum! They are making plans and watching for somebody to come.

Then along the largest branch some leaves are gently fastened there and out upon the end of it is placed a tiny chair. It is made of little apple twigs, with moss upon the seat, and an apple blossom tiny, makes a footstool for the feet. Then all at once such buzzing, such joyful humming too! That there is great excitement is apparent to Boy Blue.

A fleet of tiny airplanes very quietly glides down. Out steps the Queen of all the bees, upon her head a crown. It seems to be of solid gold and glistens in the sun. Her robes are made of velvet and embroidered every one. She

walks with grace along the bough until she sees the chair, which now becomes her throne. The Queen arranges robes with care, then sharply all around the tree, Boy Blue can see her glance. (The bees have all become wee men awaiting to advance.) They stand before her there in rows, each pausing anxiously until his turn shall come to go before the great Queen Bee.

Each has a bag which seems quite full, perhaps it may be money. But no, it seems to be well packed with what will make good honey. "My bees," the Queen with pleasure speaks, "you have done well indeed. 'Tis plain you do

your work with care and all your lessons heed. In days to come a-plenty there will be, and you may rest, and play with great contentment because you did your best. Why, little bees, I would be sad and cry and cry I know, if you were like a lazy boy I see down there below! He was sent out by his father to care for cows and sheep, and then instead of watching them, lies down and goes to sleep!"

Boy Blue is startled. Sure enough the Queen begins to cry so hard the tears fall off the tree. One hits him in the eye. Boy Blue jumps up and looks around to see what he can see. He can

not hear the buzzing nor find a single bee. He cannot see the tiny throne nor hear the Queen Bee cry; but over head a rain cloud, is slowly drifting by.

CURLY LOCKS ON FLAG DAY

LITTLE Curly Locks sews very nicely. We have heard how she sewed up a seam, and as a reward, was then given some strawberries sweet, and good cream.

The Mother Goose children at school had been taught that Flag Day would come very soon, and that it was well to remember with pride, the flag on the

fourteenth of June. At home they discussed it with Mother and talked of the red, white, and blue. How Americans all, whether children or men, should try to be brave and be true.

Mother Goose sitting there in her old rocking chair, to all that they said listened well. It was all very true and now she, in her turn, to them a true story would tell. So she told them just how the very first flag in old Philadelphia was made. How George Washington heard of good Betsy Ross, and chose this colonial maid, to sew the first flag for her country, to make it with stripes red and white, and to put in the stars

on the square of dark blue; a star for each state would be right.

Then Curly Locks said, gaily clapping her hands, "I know what we children can do! When Flag Day comes round let us play Betsy Ross and have General Washington too." The children all thought it a wonderful plan, choosing Curly Locks, dear, then and there, to be Betsy Ross, and to powder her hair, and to sit in the old fashioned chair.

When Flag Day came round, Mother Goose and her friends were there very promptly at four, and sat in the chairs that were set in straight rows, in front of the living room door.

Then the door opened slowly; there by the fire stood an old-fashioned spinning wheel small, and Curly Locks too, only strange to relate, it did not look like her at all. She had curls of snow white fastened up on her head and a dear little cap on, of lace; and an old fashioned dress with kerchief of white; and she had a serious face, as she bent over sewing she held on her knee, so carefully stitching away. You would know at a glance this lady could sew and neatness and skill could display.

A knock at the door! In Washington came. (It was really Jack Horner dressed so.) A uniform fine, with frills

To Betsy he made a deep bow

in the cuffs, gold buttons sewed on in a row. A sword by his side and his hat in his hand, to Betsy he made a deep bow, "A word with you, Madam, can you make a flag, for your country if I tell you how?"

Betsy curtsied low, "'Tis an honor indeed, and the work I am most proud to do." Then Washington told how the flag should be made and the colors of red, white and blue.

Then the Mother Goose children marched into the room each one waving the red, white and blue. Then joining hands they all sang a song with Betsy and Washington too.

FLAG DAY

"A very nice play," said old Mother Goose, "and now will you all follow me, to the dining room, please? And with Betsy and George, we all will be proud to take tea."

DICKY DOUBT ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

DICKY DOUBT was always out to have a jolly time. He liked to run and called it fun up great high trees to climb. It worried dear old Mother Goose who was afraid he'd fall, and so he often did but said it did not hurt at all.

But then Dick thought he knew as much as grown folks did no doubt. There could not be a smarter boy than he, they'd soon find out! The other children laughed at him because they surely knew that boys like Dick have

things to learn as other children do.

Dick liked to boss them in their games and tell them what to play. No matter how they did a thing, he knew a better way. They let him do it for awhile but very soon he found that when he wanted playmates, often there were none around.

Throughout the year the holidays bring girls and boys much fun, and early in July another jolly time will come. For on the Fourth, dear Mother Goose invites them all to go and picnic at the shore near by. Such fun! As well they know. They will eat their supper on the beach and stay until it's

dark, and if they all are good may watch the fireworks, in the park.

Of course the children all take naps so they may stay up late, for sleepy children soon get cross and find it hard to wait. At half past four they all start out. Each child has had his nap except for *Dick* who says he is too old for things like that.

Down on the beach they race and play, with sand built castles tall. When waves come in and wash them down, they do not mind at all. When supper time draws near at last, the children laugh aloud, as Mother brings the basket out. They are a hungry crowd!

FOURTH OF JULY

Down on the beach they race and play

She spreads a cloth upon the beach, the sandwiches and cake, and nice cold milk from out a jug. Two glasses each may take.

When all have had enough to eat and things are put away, they gather

round dear Mother Goose and all are glad to stay. She tells them stories that they love, and then they beg for more until it grows so dark that they can scarcely see the shore.

Then, SIS–BOOM–BANG! A rocket goes way out across the beach, and up above the water 'till the sky it seems to reach. Then BANG! it goes, once more, the children love to hear it too, then down drop stars in colors bright of red and green and blue.

Next come the big balloons that float with pretty lights inside, up through the air, and up and out across the water wide. Then great, big wheels

The children quite excited, begin to clap and shout

whizz round and round and throw out colored fire and roman candles shoot out stars that go up higher and higher.

The children quite excited, begin to clap and shout. It does not wake the sleeping boy, yes, it is Dicky Doubt, who is fast asleep in Mother's arms and does not hear them shout, or see a single firework, for he is tired out. Although he has to miss the fun and all the sights, perhaps he will learn that Mother Goose knows best about small boys and NAPS.

MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER

AS August days are very hot unless there is a breeze, Miss Muffet likes to play out doors, beneath the shady trees. She often takes her dolls and books and many other toys, and plays down in the orchard. The other girls and boys, prefer to run and race about although it may be hot, but if they ask Miss Muffet, she says she'd rather not.

With little pebbles laid in rows and

pretty moss of green, she pretends to make a palace where she will be the queen. Her dolls are little princesses, she makes them crowns of flowers and with her royal family she passes happy hours.

Miss Muffet wants to learn to sew and make her dollies' clothes, for princesses need many gowns as you may well suppose. Mother Goose has given her a box of bits of silk and lace, which delight Miss Muffet greatly. So with a happy face, she takes the box down by the trees and settles down to sew, while merry birds sing overhead and crickets chirp below.

MISS MUFFET

The thread with which Miss Muffet sews is very long indeed. It surely is three times as much as she will ever need, and so of course, you may have guessed, it soon begins to knot. While Miss Muffet frets and worries until she grows quite hot. She jerks the thread and yanks the knot which only tighter grows; then very cross, upon the ground the sewing quickly throws.

"I will not sew another bit with horrid thread like that!" and tears run down Miss Muffet's cheeks, so rosy and so fat. Then "Oh, oh, OH," Miss Muffet cries, for right above her head, she sees a great big spider there, hanging by a

thread. She jumps and runs a little way, then suddenly she turns. She thinks about that spider's thread and wonders how he learns to manage one so nicely when she does not know how. So down she sits upon the grass, to watch the spider now.

He is making such a great big web to hang down from the limb and if the thread breaks often, it does not bother him. With greatest patience, back again to make a better start, until the web is finished so it will not come apart.

It hangs there in the sunlight waving gently to and fro. A web so strong

She sits on the grass to watch the spider now

and yet so light! The spider seems to know that he has made a perfect web and really done his best, so he settles in the corner to take his well-earned rest.

Miss Muffet sighs and wisely nods and shakes her pretty curls, "Spiders have more patience, I think, than little girls!"

SIMPLE SIMON GOES TO SCHOOL

"DING, ding, dong," the school bell rang. It had a joyful sound to Mother Goose's children, for September was around. They had played and had a merry time the long hot summer through. Now they were tired of play and glad of something else to do. They shared their lessons and their tasks, and also shared their joys. At school they learned of many things with other girls and boys—to read and write, arithmetic, and great long words to

spell. Each studied hard and tried his best to learn his lessons well.

All but one boy, and Mother Goose felt sad about it too, for it was Simple Simon who loafed the whole day through. Oh, such a very lazy boy! He did not like to work and just a very simple task was very sure to shirk. No wonder he was stupid, for to learn he did not try. No wonder that poor Mother Goose would very often sigh. "Simple Simon, you are foolish not to learn the best you can, or some day you may grow to be a very stupid man."

When it was time to go to school,

each day he'd find a reason for staying home, while others went, whate'er the month or season. "I felt too sick, my books were lost; it was not any use to go in late." Such things as this would furnish his excuse. Of course some days he had to go and when he did arrive, he found in classes he must go with little boys of five. And even boys of five learned more when present every day, than ever Simple Simon could who often stayed away.

Simple Simon was so silly that he even said with pride, "Let others go indoors to spell, I like to be outside." And so he was outside indeed, as Simon

Simple Simon with little boys of five

soon found out—outside the play, outside the fun, there wasn't any doubt. When other boys and girls had games and lessons all were done, he was not asked to join them, he was such a stupid one! So Simple Simon, left alone,

at last unhappy grew. With not a boy to play with, he found it very true that fun is not one bit of fun if you are all alone for the pleasure shared with others is better than your own.

He decided he had better go to school and try his best, and maybe study Saturdays to overtake the rest. Mother Goose, the dear old lady, was as pleased as she could be and she helped him with his lessons trying hard to make him see why two and two do not make three, or S-E-E, spell LOOK. At last poor Simple Simon, could read a simple book.

He did not get discouraged, having

once made up his mind, he tried as hard as any other boy that you could find. Now other boys and girls are glad when Simon is about. "Three cheers for our wise Simon!" you often hear them shout. He acts so bright and quick and smart, he leads the games quite well. That a happier boy he is 'tis plain enough to tell.

When the time for writing letters to Santa Claus comes round, a neater one than Simon's I am sure could not be found. And Mother Goose is smiling as at Simon's list she looks, for the things that he has asked for are BOOKS and BOOKS and BOOKS!

THE CHILDREN ON COLUMBUS DAY

COLUMBUS DAY dawned bright and clear, October twelfth, the day, the children celebrated in the nicest kind of way! Dear Mother Goose took all of them, the large ones and the small, to visit old Antonio and make a pleasant call.

Antonio was a sailor, before too old he grew, and then he lived in Italy, across the ocean blue. His family came

from Genoa, a city old and great, and now all lived together in the United States.

Antonio was feeble, yet was patient too, and gay, with a merry word for every one who chanced to come his way. He whittled little bits of wood and carved them into boats, and funny little sailor men, and horses, dogs and goats. The boats he fixed with thread for ropes, with bits of cloth made sails just like the larger ones on boats built for the ocean gales.

He sold these cunning wooden toys, the price was never high, and the children were delighted when Mother let

them buy. Antonio had a shop quite small with shelves around the room, and a work bench in the corner. He hummed a jolly tune, as he whittled, cut and glued the wood and painted it with care. Each finished toy upon the shelf was placed with others there.

Mother Goose's little children all knew Antonio well. They often went to call and see the things he had to sell. But best of all, the pleasant things a call at Tony's meant, that he would tell them stories of the days that he had spent when he was just a sailor lad and sailed the ocean blue; of cities strange and funny men. Oh, many

things he knew, about great ships and icebergs, of porpoises and whales. Jack Horner and the other boys, of course, enjoyed such tales.

And so it was with pleasure great, upon Columbus Day, they went with Mother Goose to call, and hoped that they might stay, just to hear him tell one story. Sure enough, he said he would, so they listened very nicely and politely as they should.

He told them of a sailor who lived long years gone by, in an old Italian city. This sailor wished to try to find a great new country across the water blue, where men had never sailed be-

They listened very nicely and politely as they should

fore, he'd find the way, he knew. This sailor man was very poor and did not have a ship, so he went to see the Queen of Spain. It was a costly trip and so he had to walk part way, but at his journey's end, he found the Queen who listened, and proved to be his friend. Some bags of gold she gave him to pay for ships and men and told him when he found the land, to her to come again.

Columbus was this sailor, and across the blue he sailed, where men had never sailed before. They thought that he had failed, and wanted to turn back again, and said that they were lost, for

the wind was great and by the sea the boats were rudely tossed. But Columbus said he would not fail, the land was there he knew! And then one day, he saw at last, a tiny strip of blue! It was darker than the ocean. "Ah," cried all the men, "'tis land!" and soon indeed they plainly saw a strip of shining sand.

Columbus found America that day so long ago. How great a country it would be, oh, little did he know. But he was brave to sail the seas where none had been before. And, boys and girls, Americans should thank him more and more!

JACK AND JILL AT HALLOWE'EN

OCTOBER is a jolly time for boys and girls to play. The trees shed leaves in colors bright to make a carpet gay, and over it the frisky squirrels will scamper to and fro, to hunt for nuts. They know quite well, where all the nut trees grow; and acorns brown with tiny cups with which to play at tea; horse-chestnuts too, for little boys to gather merrily. They stuff their pockets just as full as ever

they can hold. While in the fields are corn stacks, and pumpkin balls of gold.

Then one fine morning you will find that sometime in the night Jack Frost has left upon the grass, some diamonds, frosty white. And you will know that summer's gone and winter's on the way. The time will very soon arrive when Jack Frost comes to stay.

The children like the fall, they like the frosty air so keen, but best of all, the holiday it brings them—HALLOW-E'EN. Oh, that's the time when boys and girls may stay up late at night and dress in funny clothes and masks that make one look a sight.

This year the children made their plans, oh, many weeks ahead, to have the nicest Hallowe'en that they had known, they said. So when the time at last came round and supper they had had, each went up stairs and soon came down in funny garments clad. Each had a mask, each had a horn, a rattle or a bell; and who was who, or which was which, was very hard to tell.

Jack Horner was a rag man, and rang his bell, ding dong! The Queen of Hearts on roller skates went clattering along, dressed like a clown in suit of white, well trimmed with hearts of red. While Jack Sprat was a soldier with a

helmet on his head. Then last came Jack and Jill, the twins, were both as Indians dressed. Of all the children, Mother Goose thought these two looked the best.

Jack was a warrior, brave and tall and ready for the night; while Jill, his squaw, in leather dress, wore beads and feathers bright. They both had bows and arrows and moccasins, quite neat. Of course they could step softly with these upon their feet. Folks did not hear them coming until with all their might, they gave an Indian war-whoop that would surely cause great fright.

Jack strutted proudly in his suit and

said, "Just look at me! I am an Indian warrior brave, but Jill a squaw must be, 'cause girls cannot be warriors, but she may come along to do the work and other tasks, which to a squaw belong!" Beneath her mask Jill winked her eye and shook her straight black hair. Jack talked that way but then she knew, he liked to have her there.

"Now don't get into mischief, but have all the fun you can," said Mother Goose as out they trooped, and many of them ran. Quite merrily along the street, they danced and jumped and played, and with their bells and rattles, all sorts of noises made.

It was running toward them howling

But what was that? Far down the street, they heard a sudden yelp, and then a howl. Was some one hurt, did some one need their help? They turned to go, but oh, dear me, they saw an awful sight, an animal quite big and fierce with spots of black and white! It was running toward them howling and it made a dreadful noise, and Mother Goose's children were frightened girls and boys!

They turned and ran toward home as fast as ever they knew how. The soldier and the Indian felt very timid now. Jack was the first to reach the gate, for Indians run fast. But where

was Jill? Oh, probably a girl would be the last. Then what did his astonished eyes see dimly down the street, but Jill and that great animal was lying at her feet. He could see her bending over it, however did she dare? Holding tight his bow and arrows, he must go to help her there.

Although his heart was thumping and he really was afraid, this Indian lad went bravely to help the Indian maid. But when he reached the place she was, quite gaily Jill looked up, "I'd be ashamed to be afraid of Mr. Murphy's pup! Bad boys have covered him with paint and tied cans to his

tail, which hurt him, so quite naturally he had to howl and wail." She bent and gently patted the dog upon his head. Then turning round to Jack who looked ashamed indeed, she said, "The way you ran was funny and you were scared I saw! If that is how a warrior acts, I'm glad I'm just a SQUAW!"

JACK HORNER'S THANKSGIVING PIE

OF Jack Horner's wonderful Christmas pie, we have heard about. How he sat in a corner all by himself and plums large and round did pull out. 'Twas not only at Christmas time Jack wanted pie, ah, no, every day I'm afraid, he would beg Mother Goose to have pie for dessert. He liked every kind that was made. Pumpkin pie, custard pie, peach, apple or mince, and all sorts of tarts, if you please, Jack loved them all well and

for rich food like this and pastry desserts he would tease.

Of course Mother Goose was too wise to give in. She made him rice pudding instead, for boys who eat pie very often get sick and have to remain in their bed. Healthy children drink milk and eat custard and fruit, or a pretty blue bowl full of rice. Jack Horner the scamp, did not like food like this, he did not consider it nice.

Thanksgiving was near; at the Mother Goose house, the grown-ups were busy, each one, getting ready for cousins and uncles and aunts, and grandparents both to come. They would have

a big dinner with turkey to eat! Such good things come Thanksgiving Day! All the children must try to be very polite at the table and also at play.

The holiday came, the table was spread and looked very tempting indeed. Mother Goose was contented with more than enough, this great happy family to feed.

Jack Horner sat up in his chair like a man, eating dinner with manners polite. Although he liked turkey, he knew that dessert was the thing that would cause him delight. There were three kinds of PIE, he had watched while the cook had made them and baked them

with care. He intended to have a big piece of each one although it was more than his share.

Mother Goose looked surprised when dessert time came round and Jack said, "I'll take some of each." She made no reply but put on his plate, some pumpkin, some custard, some peach! If he once had too much perhaps he would find that he did not want pie every day, that Mother knows best and for small boys to eat such very rich food does not pay.

So Jack ate his pie. Yes, three different kinds, until he had more than enough. Miss Muffet, Bo-peep and the

others were shocked to see how Jack Horner could stuff! When dinner was over the children went out in the orchard to have a good play. All but Jack who felt sleepy and so thought perhaps it was best in the warm house to stay. He would go to his room and lie down for a while, on his own little comfortable bed; his stomach felt queer and sad to relate, he had a dull pain in his head.

Jack soon fell asleep and he dreamed a queer dream as children quite frequently do after eating rich food. They find Mother knows best and that what she has told them is true. Jack

dreamed he was just a wee bit of a boy, he was only an inch or two tall. And that he was walking along on the street, when he suddenly heard someone call, "Oho, little boy, you are just what I want. I will bake you with pleasure I know. No don't try to run, I can catch you with ease no matter how fast you may go."

Frightened Jack looked around. The big pumpkin pie which was running along after him, had great big eyes and a great big mouth; his arms and his legs long and thin. In his hand was a knife like the one the cook used in the kitchen when cutting a pie. And he waved

"Oho, little boy, you are just what I want"

it at Jack who was too scared to run, or for that matter even to try.

"You like to eat pie," said this great big voice, which made Jack shiver and shake. "Now I will see what a dainty dessert, a boy named Jack Horner will make!"

Jack shut both his eyes and gave a loud yell, he could feel the light blade so wide, close up to his stomach—he opened his eyes, and Mother stood there by his side. It was only a dream, he sighed in relief, but he would not forget the dream soon, and to make matters worse he could see Mother Goose had brought Castor Oil in a spoon!

THANKSGIVING PIE

For days after that Jack Horner looked pale, never once did he mention a pie. He ate good rice pudding and custard and fruit, and said, "What a good boy am I!"

THE MOTHER GOOSE CHILDREN HELP SANTA CLAUS

THEY were ready for Christmas in Mother Goose land. They even had put up the tree, all ready for Santa to trim Christmas Eve. How happy and good they must be. They were thinking of dolls, of sleds and of skates, and of boxes of games, if you please. They each of them wanted a stocking stuffed full of all such nice presents as these.

The sweet Queen of Hearts wished

for dishes for tarts, Jack and Jill each wanted a pail; Miss Muffet just hoped she might get a new bowl, Simple Simon, a book without fail. Humpty Dumpty declared he must have a new face, his old one was all black and blue, Bo-peep wanted bells to tie on her sheep, then she never would lose them she knew. Boy Blue, as you'll guess wanted Santa to bring, a horn that was shiny and bright. If only he had one, he'd mind all the sheep and drive all the cows home just right!

The children all knew they must let Santa know of these things that they hoped he would bring. Was it best to

write letters or 'phone? For they wished to be sure and do just the right thing. But old Mother Goose said she'd take them one day to call on old Santa Claus dear, and ask him politely to bring them these gifts for Christmas was now very near.

They all rode on broom sticks away to the north, where the moon and the stars are so bright; and when they had come to old Santa Claus' house, they peeked in the door. What a sight! They saw a huge workroom just crammed full of toys and there with his jolly old smile, stood Santa himself, but he frowned as he looked at some unfinished toys in a pile.

They all rode on broomsticks away to the north

"Mrs. Santa," said he, "it just cannot be done. The list is a long one this year, and I don't see how we can complete all the toys and the candy, with Christmas so near. If we only had

helpers how nice it would be. Where to find them I really don't know." Then the door opened wide and in came Mother Goose. With her children, she stood in a row.

They all made nice bows, then Boy Blue made a speech, "Dear Santa," he said with a smile, "we all wanted presents ourselves very much. We have ridden for many a mile just to ask you to bring us the things we want most, but while we were there by the door, we heard what you said to your wife about toys and that you need help to make more. Oh, please let us help, it would be lots of fun, we will work very

Bo-peep made toy lambs and Boy Blue made tin horns

hard if we may." Santa nodded his head, smiled his own jolly smile, "Good, children, of course you may stay!"

They stayed all that week and they did not have time to think of their own gifts at all, so busy they were making toys of all kinds to please boys and girls, large and small. Queen of Hearts made wonderful gingerbread men, with raisins or nuts for their eyes; and if we could see all the pretty blue pails Jack and Jill made, 'twould cause us surprise. Miss Muffet made dollies and wee little chairs; Jack Horner put plums in a bag.

Bo-peep made toy lambs that stood nodding their heads and had queer little tails that would wag! Boy Blue made tin horns that were shiny and bright, the kind that would please any boy. Best of all when he blew them they made a sweet tune, not the loud awful sounds that annoy. Poor Humpty Dumpty had an unhappy time, because he just could not sit still. As he could not make toys, old Santa Claus then gave him cornucopias to fill.

When Christmas Eve came and 'twas time to go home, the toys were every one done; and Santa had plenty to fill up the sleigh. The children helped do

it. What fun! The reindeer and sleigh were ready at last and Santa Claus soon would start down. The children had broomsticks all ready to ride, back home to their Mother Goose Town.

"Merry Christmas, dear Santa, we've had a good time, and thank you for letting us stay!"

"Bless your hearts," said old Santa, "I'll see that you have the best kind of a Christmas Day. You started it right by trying to help, and then you found out every one, doing something for others at seasons like this, is just what makes Christmas Day fun!"

KATCH
FRANTZ

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00020869719